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GLITTERATI QUILL

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

From Chalkboard
to Change-Maker

BARLEY AND
COFFEE BEANS

PREVENTING JUVENILE DELINQUENCY:
PATHWAYS TO A
SAFER FUTURE

BALLAD OF THE
NON-EXISTENT

Cover Art by
PALLAVI GOHAIN

Signature

ICELTS-2025/ICAELS-2025

A Resounding Success at University of New South Wales, Australia! Organised by University of Engineering and Management, Jaipur

Sydney, Australia - The International Conference on English Language and Teaching Skills (ICELTS-2025) and International Conference on Advances in English Language Studies (ICAELS-2025) has concluded as a grand success at the prestigious University of New South Wales, Australia. The conference exceeded all expectations, bringing together esteemed foreign keynote speakers, enthusiastic participants, and innovative researchers from around the world.

Highlights of ICELTS-2025/ICAELS-2025:

- * 25 Speakers and 31 Presenters showcased their innovative research.
- * 200+ Participants from 10 countries enriched the event with cross-border ideas and energy.
- * Foreign Collaborations and MoUs opened new avenues for global academic exchange.

* Hands-on Workshops, Poster Presentations, and Engaging Group Discussions created a vibrant intellectual atmosphere.

* Industrial Visit gave real-world exposure to current practices and technologies.

* Award Ceremony celebrated outstanding contributions and innovations.

* Best Paper Awards were also selected, recognizing outstanding research contributions.

* A heartwarming Alumni Meet added a personal and nostalgic touch to the event

* A panoramic city tour of Sydney, including the iconic Opera House, breathtaking views from the Sydney Tower, and visits to vibrant shopping hubs, made the experience even more special.

ICELTS-2025/ICAELS-2025 proved to be a grand success.



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**From the Editor's Desk***Editor-in-Chief***Dr. Shalini Yadav**

Unvyakt aur Undekha (Unexpressed and Unseen)

"Imagination is the beginning of creation. You imagine what you desire, you will what you imagine, and at last, you will create what you will."

- George Bernard Shaw

In an era where artificial intelligence overpowers the human minds, *Glitterati Quill* boldly embarks on a noble quest to preserve the essence of human creativity and to promote, *unvyakt aur undekha* (the unexpressed and unseen).

Our foundational edition brings together a diverse ensemble of artists and writers, united by their passion for creative expression bridging cultures and transcending boundaries.

From the thought-provoking book review by Dr. Prasanta Chakraborty from India to the evocative poetry of Irena Jovanović from Serbia and Takako Itoh from Japan, the captivating journey of Allitsar Banks, and the insightful feature article on 'Juvenile Delinquency' by Suvonova from Uzbekistan, every piece adds depth, richness, and diversity to our collective narrative.

Glitterati Quill is more than just a literary magazine – it's a movement to keep the flame of human creativity burning bright in the face of technological advancements. In the words and brushstrokes of our contributors, we find the essence of our humanity, the unspoken, the unseen, and the unexpressed.

Join us on this journey to discover the beauty and creativity that lies within!

Dr. Shalini Yadav

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Cover Art by **PALLAVI GOHAIN**

Why Competent Employees Leave: It's Not the Workload, **IT'S THE ENVIRONMENT**



Heba Khamis

TTrue competent employees don't abandon their organization because of long hours or heavy workloads. They



possess the resilience to perform under pressure and complete any task entrusted to them. What drives them away, however, is not the weight of the work, it's the weight of a toxic environment. Such an environment fails to recognize their efforts, neglects their rights, and slowly extinguishes the flame of passion that once fueled their productivity and enthusiasm.

When committed employees are met with injustice and a lack of appreciation, frustration inevitably sets in. No matter how dedicated they are, they will eventually seek a place where their contributions are valued. This response is only natural. Human beings were not created to be enslaved by systems that strip them of dignity. We were born free—and freedom rejects humiliation, resists arbitrary authority, and cannot coexist with favoritism or the politics of personal interests.

In toxic workplaces, it's not uncommon to find individuals who feel threatened by the success of others. These people may go out of their way to undermine, belittle, or obscure the accomplishments of their colleagues. But the workplace is not a battlefield; it should be a sacred space for growth, collaboration, and mutual respect. A truly successful employee will never complain about doing too much work but they will feel alienated by psychological burdens, especially when inequality and injustice prevail.

Such burdens can become overwhelming. They crush ambition, suppress talent, and stifle innovation. Employees find themselves unable to thrive in teams where favoritism overshadows fairness, and where jealousy and unhealthy competition take precedence over merit and collaboration. Add to this an ever-growing list of responsibilities delivered without support, and even the strongest spirits begin to falter.

Psychological exhaustion weighs more heavily than physical fatigue. It dims motivation, erodes creativity, and leads to a quiet, often reluctant exit not due to a lack of love for the work itself, but due to the absence of a supportive, just, and appreciative environment. In the end, while job pressure is manageable with acknowledgment and encouragement, emotional strain rooted in injustice becomes unbearable. And so, the competent, passionate employee departs not to escape hard work, but to find a place where they can truly thrive.

Image Courtesy : Google

PREVENTING JUVENILE DELINQUENCY: PATHWAYS TO A SAFER FUTURE



The legal system itself must adapt. While holding juveniles accountable is necessary, the goal should be rehabilitation, not revenge.



Suvonova Iroda

Juvenile delinquency is not merely a legal issue — it is a reflection of the moral, educational, and social health of a society. When a young person breaks the law, it is not just the legal system that responds, but the entire community that must ask: what went wrong? What could have been done earlier to prevent this path? As societies evolve, so do the challenges faced by

the younger generation. Poverty, broken families, peer pressure, lack of education, unemployment, abuse, and even social media influence can push teenagers toward unlawful behavior. But despite the complexity of causes, one truth remains clear: juvenile crime can be prevented — if we act wisely, collectively, and early.

The first and most important step in preventing juvenile delinquency is education. Schools are not just centers of academic learning; they are powerful tools for shaping behavior, values, and aspirations. A school that promotes discipline, respect, empathy, and legal awareness gives children the tools they need to make better choices. Legal literacy programs, anti-bullying campaigns, and life-skills education can have a significant impact. Family plays a central role as well. Children who grow up in loving, stable environments with responsible adults are far less likely to engage in crime. Parental involvement, open communication, and emotional support can serve as shields against delinquent tendencies. Families must be taught not only to discipline but to guide — not only to punish but to understand.

Community engagement is another key pillar. When neighborhoods provide safe spaces for children to gather, play, and express themselves, crime rates fall. Local organizations, youth clubs, mentorship programs, and cultural centers create alternatives to the streets. Youth need to feel seen, heard, and valued — or else they may seek belonging in the wrong places. Additionally, we must pay close attention to mental health. Emotional distress, untreated trauma, and psychological issues often underlie juvenile crimes. Schools and communities should have trained counselors, psychologists, and social workers who can identify and help at-risk youth before problems escalate into criminal acts.

The legal system itself must adapt. While holding juveniles accountable is necessary, the goal should be rehabilitation, not revenge. Alternative sentencing programs, community service, restorative justice circles, and youth correctional education are far more effective in reducing repeat



offenses than incarceration alone. A young person's future should not be destroyed by one mistake. Moreover, digital awareness is essential in today's connected world. Many forms of juvenile crime — cyberbullying, online scams, digital theft, and exposure to harmful content — occur through the internet. Teaching students about digital ethics, internet safety, and legal consequences in cyberspace must become part of modern prevention strategies.

Importantly, peer education and youth leadership can have a powerful influence. Young people listen to each other more than to adults. Empowering responsible youth to lead anti-crime campaigns, peer mediation sessions, and legal awareness workshops can make the message more relatable and effective. Governments, educators, law enforcement, parents, and youth themselves must work hand in hand. Preventing juvenile delinquency is not about fear — it is about hope. It is about believing that with the right guidance, support, and opportunities, every child can grow into a responsible citizen.

In conclusion, a society that neglects its youth is building prisons for its future. But a society that invests in prevention is building bridges to success. Let us choose the latter — through compassion, education, justice, and united action.

Image Courtesy : Google

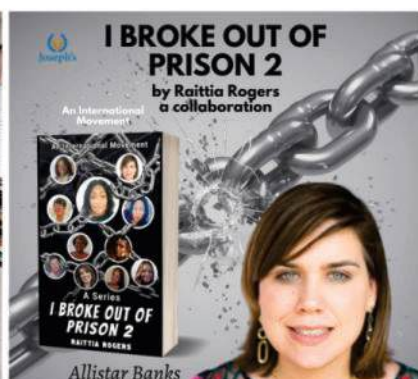
Journey of Allistar Banks from News Reporter to Children Fiction Writer

An Exclusive Conversation



Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo

Allistar Banks, born in McCormick, South Carolina, is the youngest sibling in her



family. After attending Lander University and Herzing University, she worked at various television stations and became a freelance writer.

She served as a newspaper reporter for the McCormick Messenger and Greenwood Today. "I thoroughly enjoyed my time at both places, but I needed a break from the fast-paced media world due to family circumstances." She then took a year to care for her grandmother, helping her regain her health. During this time, she explored another creative outlet and returned to her childhood passion for writing. As a child, she created a children's book project for fourth-grade class titled *The Sorcerer and the Magic Pond*. She



began developing characters that appealed to children and adults, starting with her self-published picture book *Nosey Nicole and the Red Airplane*, followed by *A Colorful Balloon Ride* and *Lenny the Lizard and His Green Scarf*.

Growing up in a family of readers, Allistar was always surrounded by books and storytelling. She would often use a pencil and notebook to jot down imaginary characters, with the help of her mother. This hobby eventually blossomed into a career.

Throughout her life, her brother always accompanied Allistar. As the youngest and only girl in her family, she gained a unique understanding of the male perspective, which delights her readers and is reflected in her books such as *Girl, Rise and The Pursuit of Love, Hope: A Short Collection of Poems*. She has mentioned that her choice was between understanding men or running away screaming.

Allistar is active in several writers' groups and has received the SABA Book Award for her children's picture book *A Colorful Balloon Ride*, illustrated by Kaelen Felix. She eagerly anticipates the next steps in her writing journey. Some excerpts from the conversation with her:

Elizabeth: Was becoming a writer your childhood dream?

Allistar: Becoming a writer was my childhood dream because I enjoyed writing fantasy type when I was in the fourth grade in my English class and I got to participate in a children's picture book contest where I wrote my very first children's book called *The Sorcerer and the Magic Pond* where Henry

the wizard helped Princess Hera grow her hair back after the evil witch cut all of her hair off. Henry discovered how his magical powers could help someone.

Elizabeth: You worked as a Newspaper Reporter before. Do you think it influenced you greatly in becoming an author?

Allistar: Being a Newspaper Reporter greatly influenced me in becoming an author because I learned how to interview people and tell their stories and that skill helped me to write my books.

Allistar: *A writer's greatest mission is to bring their vision and human experience to life on paper. A writer can help make changes in the world by inspiring and motivating people to become better versions of them.*

Elizabeth: What was the story you wrote and what was the theme?

Allistar: I've written several different stories now, but all my stories carry one common theme and that is resilience and personal growth. The titles I've written are *A Colorful Balloon Ride*, *Lenny the Lizard and His Green Scarf*, *Spring Brings Summer*, *The Pursuit of Love*, *Hope: A Short Collection of Poems*, *Girl, Rise*, *The Gratitude Journal for Kids*, *Show Life Yourself Some Love! A Gratitude Journal for Teens*, *Be Positive! A Positivity Journal for Adults*, *40 Recipes to Tackle Diabetes*, *40 Recipe to A Better Weight Loss*, *I Broke Out of Prison 2*, and *The Heart of a Mother: Stories of Love, Strength, and Sacrifice Across Generations*.

Elizabeth: Where do you draw inspiration for your writing?

Allistar: I draw inspiration for my writing based off my own life experiences and hobbies I enjoy doing.

Elizabeth: Do you sometimes experience writer's block? How do you overcome it?

Allistar: I do experience writer's block. I



overcome writers block by walking and soaking the beauty of nature or going out for a drive for thoughts ideation.

Elizabeth: What are the greatest perks of being a writer for you?

Allistar: The greatest perk of being a writer is being able to turn my passion into a career and the ability to structure my day.

Elizabeth: What was your first book publication? Tell us about it.

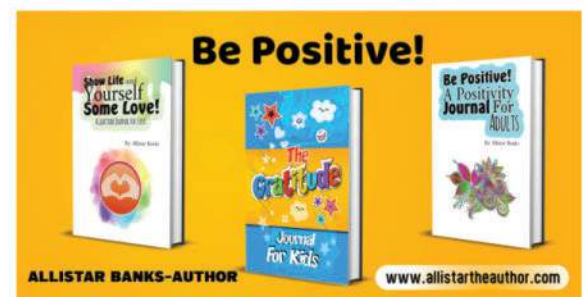
Allistar: My very first book publication was *For Better or For Worse* written in 2014 and it was a fictionalized account of my parent's marriage.

Elizabeth: Do you have any upcoming writing projects?

Allistar: : I am currently working on a book called *The Bluegrass Musician* and it's the story about my fiancé Steven Dowdy and how he stared in his father's Bluegrass Country band called *The Bluegrass Brother's* out of Salem/Roanoke Virginia.

Elizabeth: What is your advice to aspiring young writers out there?

Allistar: Young writers should read and write regularly and embrace the learning process to develop their own unique voices and skills.





Dr. Devika Brendon

HOME MAINTENANCE

I had thought that the house would feel empty and forlorn, but it does not.

I know the art of entertaining, you see. I have been learning it for five

years, now.

But now, the hosts have gone, bowing out one by one, and what are left are some items to be inventoried, and evanescence. If I stop and sit for a while each day, in silence in their rooms, thinking of them, each beloved face, will they see me, remembering them?

At first, I just put framed photographs up everywhere, and further contained them in garlands of fairy lights in the shape of butterflies. Battery operated, to withstand the vagaries of powercuts.

When I come home from an evening out, I find these fancifully lit portraits illuminated, like modern Books of Hours. As I remove shoes and shawls and cloaks, it feels as if I am being gently welcomed.

My friend asked a priest to come and bless the house and all those who had dwelled there, and he went through from room to room, saying the words of a cumulative blessing, and went through to the gardens, and did the same.

I let my thoughts trail, and they trace a sparkling path, up the oak stairs carved with large acorns, representing resilience and endurance, and the lights in their rooms down the hall suggest that the inhabitants of these rooms might still be amongst us, or I amongst them. I was the youngest, you see.

This feeling of their presence is even stronger when I play music that they loved, or watch the films my parents used to view together.

My Mother left me a list of movies she said I absolutely had to see. Old films, some from the first half of the 20th century. Those flared skirts, those intimate words, the subtle details of those stories.

The aerated vowels of those actors and actresses, emulated now by the gorgeous facsimiles of confectionery, *Bridgerton* and *The Gilded Age*, the way we want to believe everyone was. The certainty with which everyone seemed to say just what they felt. The soft brushing undercurrents of what was not said, leaving us second guessing. The living coral, left at the depths where it was still alive, not dragged up by facilitators today, petrified into lumpenness.

What is needed in these stormy seas is to be like one of those carved figures on the prow, you know, that would face outwards, challenging any storm.

Withstanding. Outstanding.

Each one of these films contained a message for me, she told me in her note. It was my task to find out what that wisdom was, image by image, and construct meaning from it. Like a treasure hunt, or a paper trail, or white pebbles in a fairy tale.

So I view *The Ghost And Mrs. Muir*, and *Yellow Rolls Royce*, and *Doctor Zhivago*, and many starring Ingrid Bergman, and of course Roman Holiday and *Somewhere In Time*, and *The King And I*. And the house was full of movement and pictures. Starry, starry nights.

Lena Horne and Dinah Washington and Frank Sinatra and Ella Fitzgerald roll out the velvet carpets of their voices.

Mourning used to mean wearing black or grey or white for a year, denuding oneself of encumbering jewels and costumery, and abstaining from merriment and from going out to crowded places. This was to protect the public from the sudden weaknesses that blow up like storms in the psyche, which compel those of us who are grieving to excuse ourselves and go home.

At Christmas, there were crackers ornamenting the festive table. And people forgot, and said, take some home for the family.

Like new lovers, understandably eager for privacy, we who grieve seek the solace of the silence. There is a sacredness in turning away from the outside world, and laying aside the masks and carapaces, and letting our softer sides show.

There are tiny shot glasses, in jewel colours. Arrayed on polished trays, they dazzle the tired eyes.

All the veterans of loss tell me that a routine helps get through the consecutive days. A rope we throw ourselves, to prevent sinking. But we can wrap our days so tightly that nothing fresh can get through, and that is unnatural. It's important to have calendars and clocks, to measure the time passing, because there are two times in which a grieving person lives, at once. And both need to be felt, and their impact allowed to shape us.

I do not know any answers to the questions I used to contemplate so contentedly, and with such assurance, when all the seats at the table were filled.

Hello, I want to say, raising my glass in a flamboyant and generous gesture, all you beautiful people, wherever you are, all my best wishes go with you tonight. This is how I welcome thoughts that are difficult to greet, and learn to entertain them.

From other worlds, those who no longer live in this house may be aware of the lights in the rooms, through the windows, visible from outside.



Irena Jovanović

SPARKLING MEADOWS

In the morning
meadows are sparkling
an entire infinity of dew reflections
of the sun so new and fresh
like just bathed in the ocean
of endless, crystal clear beauty
opening vastness in my mind
areas so huge and ravishingly profound
in blissful areas of my soul
freshened by this brilliance.
In the delicate rhapsody of the view
so many flowers sing their divinity
ringing with dewdrops
symphony of life
in harmony of octaves yet unheard of
mesmerized by collective wonder
of intricate miracles created by nature.
In the labyrinths of leaves of grass
hidden watery pearls vibrate the ode
to the universe of universal experiences
elevating the entire horizon of the landscape
to a new understanding of existence.
I watch these sparkling meadows
and my soul is a dewdrop resonating
with all the starry cosmos of dew droplets
scattered over this beautiful realm.



Gregory Spis

THE PAIN OF THE CLOUD UPSIDE DOWN

The pain of the cloud upside down
what is the pain of a she-wolf
at the sight of her puppy killed with a shovel
the pain of a fox exiled to the suburbs
for hunger among houses
dumpsters
the leftovers of human common sense
in a warm summer evening
the pain of a bird in the clouds at dawn
in eagle's claws
she loses freedom nestlings
life
a soldier torn apart by a hand-grenade
partisan in the morning
in silence
in delight
over the bird's freedom
he saw its last flight high
he didn't see the bullet
hit his head against the fence-sky
white cloud
crashed loud
fell upside down
freedom lasts for a short time
between us

FROM CHALKBOARD TO CHANGE-MAKER:

The Saga of a Teacher who Touched a Thousand Lives

Inspirational Life Narrative of Lifestyle Coach Manju



Dr. Krati Sharma

When she first stepped into a classroom, chalk in hand and lesson plans neatly stacked on her desk, Manju Yadav, a young lady from India believed teaching was her true calling. The rows of eager faces, the hum of curiosity, and the daily rhythm of school life gave her purpose. For few years, she poured her heart into shaping young minds, not just through textbooks but through lessons about life, resilience, and kindness.

But beneath the smile she wore every morning, there was a quiet struggle. She was the one always listening to others, always offering advice and encouragement, yet rarely finding space to address her own health and related emotional challenges. Life outside the classroom was not as neatly organized as her lesson plans.

There were personal storms—moments of self-doubt, overwhelm, and a gnawing feeling that she was living on autopilot mode.

She was fed up of looking for solution from outside, from allopathic professionals but lasting improvement was not in the sight.

It was during one particularly difficult phase that she decided to take a step back and ask herself a hard question: If I can help my students believe in themselves, why can't I do the same for me?

That moment became a turning point of her

life, she never imagined that this decision will transform her thoughts, beliefs and having lasting impact on people. Manju began exploring personal development took help of available literature on subject, introduced wellness practices, and brought in healthy lifestyle changes—not as a trend, but as a survival tool. She started small: morning routines that fueled her energy, journaling and meditation to clear her mind, setting boundaries to protect her time, and learning how to manage stress before it managed her, overall this help her detoxify and reset her health at cellular level. Over time, these changes didn't just make her feel better; they gave her clarity, confidence, and a renewed sense of direction.

When you are healthy inside then it reflects outside in your actions and the way we carry ourselves. Friends noticed, colleagues noticed, even her students saw a shift—not just in her teaching but in her presence. One day, a colleague going through a rough patch asked her for advice. She listened, shared her own experiences, and offered practical steps that had worked for her. Weeks later, that colleague came back with tears in her eyes, saying, “You have no idea how much you've helped me.”

That was the spark, eureka moment, moment to shed inhibition to help others, today everyone around us is struggling at some level and living with some or other challenge and not finding a credible solution and solution provider. What started as informal chats over tea became one-on-one guidance sessions gradually. She found herself supporting people through a variety of challenges—stress, burnout, relationship

struggles, low self-esteem, and the overwhelming pressure to “do it all.” She wasn’t just giving advice but helping identify the underlying root cause. In most cases, it is unhealthy lifestyle resulting in hormonal and other imbalances; she was sharing a roadmap she had once needed herself.

Over time, the number of people Manju helped grew—from a handful of colleagues to hundreds. She realized she had stepped into a new role: not just a teacher of academics, but a teacher of life.

So, she made a bold choice. After years of chalkboards and classrooms, she traded her teacher’s desk for a new kind of platform—becoming a full-time lifestyle coach. It wasn’t easy. She had to learn the ropes of coaching, understand the transactional side of it, and most importantly, trust herself enough to step into the unknown.

Her coaching style was different. She didn’t believe in one-size-fits-all advice. She listened deeply, asked the right questions, and tailored solutions to fit each person’s reality. She combined the patience of a teacher with the insight of someone who had walked the path herself.

One young woman she coached was on the verge of quitting her job due to extreme burnout. After just a few sessions, the woman found ways to manage her workload, communicate her needs, and rediscover her motivation. Another, a stay-at-home mother, learned how to rebuild her self-confidence after years of putting her dreams on hold. Stories like these became her fuel.

Before she knew it, she had worked with nearly 1,000 individuals—each with their own struggles, goals, and transformations. Some came to her feeling lost; they left feeling empowered. Some came with broken confidence; they left ready to take on

challenges they once thought impossible. Her journey also taught her that helping others wasn’t about having a perfect life. It was about being real, sharing lessons from the messy middle, and showing people that change is possible even when it feels out of reach. Today, Manju continues to coach

people from all walks of life—students finding their path, professionals fighting burnout, parents balancing countless responsibilities, and individuals looking for a fresh start. She runs workshops, writes articles, and speaks at events, always with the same goal: to help people reconnect with

themselves and design a life they truly want to live.

And she never forgets her roots. The skills she honed as a teacher—empathy, patience, and the ability to break big concepts into small, manageable steps—remain at the heart of her coaching.

When people ask her what she does, she smiles and says, “I help people get unstuck.” But those who’ve worked with her know it’s so much more. She’s not just a coach; she’s a listener, a guide, a cheerleader, and sometimes, the voice that says, “You can do this” when they’ve stopped believing in themselves.

From the classroom to coaching, her mission remains the same: to touch lives, inspire change, and remind people that no matter where they are right now, a better chapter is always possible.

After all, she has become a living example of accepting challenges and living up to that making her life an inspirational narrative for many women across the globe to follow and fulfil their dreams.

For any lifestyle and wellness communication, one can contact her at the following: Email: manjuyadav231@gmail.com
Instagram: [wellness_with_manjuyogen](https://www.instagram.com/wellness_with_manjuyogen)



IMPRISONED

Only if, for a moment, I could lend you my pair of eyes
So you may look at yourself as though you're a prize.
Inside out, with your heart, soul and presence,
You're so beautiful that my world could be lit up with your essence.
You call yourself lowly, subtly opening my heart's secret doors,
While even the moon's allure pales next to yours.
I'm afraid, my words can't do justice to how exquisite you are, the scars and all
Yet, what a defeat it is to be unable to pen your beauty's thrall.



Kashaf Sehar



Takako Itoh

STEP

The difficulty of believing
in something with conviction
sometimes seems
a mysterious formula like
Einstein's theory of relativity.
I'm a simple person
who does not like complexity,
so I forget about such things soon.

The only thing that I know well is
that my anxiety
doesn't go away no matter
how much I think about it.
Even so, your word "believe me"
cheers me up, so
I step forward.
For the perfect form of words
I haven't yet seen,
sometimes recklessly,
sometimes with no plan,
and I never stop,
I do take, a step.



Subhrasankar Das

THE PLOP OF A FROG- COLOURED GRIEF

Everything is creased and kept
in right place and order
to avoid even a particle of dust
but all worms
are not contrived to
die before a naphthalene...

The dead narcissus,
the spittle of wind on windowpane,
the half-empty dish of rice
beside the folded mattress
make me return and recall
the days of nursery school,
the tale of my favourite farmer
how his corns would come
and store themselves magically!

Flying out of ancient hearth
Gods and dogs
gift me
the vessel
of ashes...

Being deaf,
I hear...

The plop
of a frog-colored grief
in the lake of desire....

ANNAMMA VATHER



Dr. Seshni Moodliar

In 1893, Annamma arrived on the SS Pongola
docking in Durban's harbor with dreams woven in her sari—
hopes stitched tight, promises whispered to the waves.
An indentured daughter of Madras, Chingleput,
she left behind family, traditions, the known world,
braving a hundred days of ocean's hunger.

Yet Annamma was no ordinary soul.
She sold vegetables, blossoms—petals
and perseverance—
then flourished: merchant, property owner, moneylender, matriarch.
She built a temple, kindled prayers to Kuladeivam
wore her jewels like victories, fed her family feasts.
Ten children bloomed under her care: Moodley and Vather.

At Vathers Lodge, her laughter was a lantern.
Grandchildren came, pockets filled with her sweets,
their smiles sticky with love.
She tended roses, their thorns no match for her hands,
steered a horse-drawn wagon with fearless grace,
then traded reins for a Ford NP1's wheel—
a woman unafraid of tomorrow.

Oh, Annamma, your legacy outruns the sun.
From Madras' soil to Pietermaritzburg's streets,
now scattered across continents—South Africa, India, Australia, Singapore, Mauritius
the UK, Scotland, Ireland, USA—your name is a compass.
Each March, we light lamps for you, chant Angalesperi Prayer
honoring Shakti's fire in your bones.

Matriarch, pioneer, our roots drink from your courage.
We are your harvest.

BARLEY AND COFFEE BEANS

RUBINA THRUSTS EVERYTHING ASIDE: fridge magnets, fountain pens with pictures of cities embossed, trinkets, and silver mistletoes. She cannot collect all his promises floating in the air, the bottomlessness of her faith, spirit, and trust. But she bunches the jewellery and takes it to a nearby lake, submerging it the way Hindu gods are immersed after days of worship.

She would miss the ornaments, designed ornately from every part of the world, some in ancient patterns. She deletes his name from her phone memory, blocks their bank accounts, unfriends him on social media, disconnects from common friends.

She toys with the thought of going to the police or publicly humiliating him.

She donates his clothes, takes down his picture frames, throws away his things, burns his odds and ends.

She feels clean.

Now, for the child.

She tries not to think of his eyeballs, the way they swim in his inherited oyster eyes, his golden skin, the shape of his shins, the tautness between his toes, the shape of his nose...

She tries segregating herself and him from *Him*.

If she can't tear *Him* out of that little boy, the lake is not too far she fears.

solar eclipse...

*for once the moth
eats the flame*



Rochelle Potkar

Poet, Novelist, Screenwriter,
Author of *Bombay Hangovers*
& *The D'Costa Family*





Jennifer Gurney

Haiku

humidity
watering the trees
from the air

now my last chance
to savor the moment
in your presence

joy and sorrow
living side by side
counter-melody of life

hard to let go
when you're holding on
as hard as I am...

the radio plays
your long-ago lullaby--
unthinking I sway

drip by drop
you quench my soul
rain



Shahid Abbas

Haiku

dark deep woods
a black flower growing
wild

dazzling sunlight
her rays overshadow
a feeling within

bright lake, dark water
flowers cluster on the banks
soothing deep

blooming beautiful faces
with showy scarves
smiling bird's maids

snowflakes softly fall
crimson moonlight
winter's peaceful hush

petals push aside
dead leaves reveal warm soil
fragrant bloom unfurls



Dr. Kshamata Chaudhary

Poetic Snippets

Happiness

As divine ray touch honey dew,
Hills take on a tawny hue,
Aromatic coffee I brew.

Life

Life is a sweet bitter honey
Craving for more desperate money
Failure and success are so sunny.

Soulmates

Chirping like bird,
Nested in different world,
My birds I adore you.

Time

Yesterday sudden meeting,
Excited vibrated greetings,
Time just flew.



Sining ng **DAMDAMIN**

ART OF EMOTION

-INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION-

AUGUST 16, 2025 | SATURDAY 2PM

VICTORY TOWN CENTER AND CUADRO ART
GALLERY IN LEMERY, BATANGAS

ORGANIZED BY:

ARTISTA DE COLORES BY MARLENE AYEN GALIT |
ART HEALS BY ELIZABETH ESGUERRA CASTILLO



Namangan Blooms with Pride and Welcomes the World



Munavvar Boltayeva

Namangan, often called the floral capital of Central Asia, once again captivated the world with the 64th International Flower Festival, held from May 25 to June 29, 2025. This year's event was among the most impressive in the festival's rich history,



transforming the city into a living masterpiece of color, fragrance, and artistry.

Over 100 million flowers were planted across the city, blanketing parks, streets, and boulevards in vibrant floral tapestries.

More than 200 flower-adorned vehicles paraded along a 10 Km route, from Namangan International Airport to the city center.

250 local and international florists showcased breathtaking floral compositions, many inspired by Uzbek culture and nature. The event welcomed over 500,000 visitors, including 121,000 guests from other regions of Uzbekistan and 6,600 international



visitors from countries such as Russia, China, Turkey, Germany, India, and beyond.

A Festival of Beauty, Culture, and Unity

The festival's official opening took place at Babur Park, where the Governor of Namangan Region, Shavkatjon Abdurazakov, delivered a warm welcome to participants and guests. He emphasized that this festival not only celebrates natural beauty but also promotes peace, culture, and international friendship.

What makes this festival unique is the way it blends art, tradition, and ecological consciousness. The floral displays featured traditional Uzbek motifs, and many were arranged using sustainable, environmentally friendly techniques. Artificial canals filled with colorful Koi fish added a soothing harmony between flora and water.

Uzbekistan on the World Stage

Namangan's Flower Festival is far more than a floral exhibition — it is a celebration of Uzbek identity, creativity, and hospitality. Guests were treated not only to flowers, but also to traditional handicrafts, folk music and dance, and national cuisine served in decorative yurts. It was a journey through centuries of Uzbek heritage, displayed through living art.



Su Yun

DREAM OF JOURNEY

Even when awakened
I still sway within the carriage
Moments ago
We journeyed away from our destination
No transition from asphalt to soil
No final tree before the turn
Only distant wild grass and patchwork paths
And the simplest things in the countryside
Yellow wheat, dry channels, and sycamore trees
Mountains not chosen, rivers not included
My heart finds peace on this journey
With a trustworthy driver and myself
We have a destined stop
Indeed, we pause in a new village street
Through the shop fronts, I see clearly
Banquets of strangers under the lights
Meeting friends from my hometown
In an instant
We begin our return, I guard time closely
Bidding farewell to friends, offering banquet wishes
And the ordinary fields along the way
Sparkling before my wandering eyes
I strive to memorize all I see
As it swiftly fades into distance
I've always known I'm dreaming
Walking an endless road
Yet filled with familiar matter
Until I open my eyes, beginning to miss
All that I left behind there
Never to return but emerges hazily.





John Grey

WOOD NOTES

A cucumber-root
is plucked from obscurity
by the twining
of my fingers.

Wood-lily gives
me hope,
matches my feckless blood,
orange for orange.

Science and theology
meet up in
bellwort bells,
a silent ringing,
a nodding flower.

I'm surrounded by
a million years,
as told to me
by young grass
and middle-aged roots.

Between the green,
ocher
makes the rounds
of the earth,
is the closest hue
to immortality.



Nurie M Baduni

THE SEAL OF MISERY

The silhouette appears, sudden,
Softly, softly, like a feather, unnoticed,

Plagues' winds sleep there,
In the head and the black body.
And the tongue lies bound.

I am truly curious about your tongue,
It, of the body, speaks...
It speaks and kills.

The tongues of the world burden the city,
Yours diminishing...

Silently, the gravestone,
Walks with a coffin around its neck,
The stone of your memorial,
In this and that brute world.

Your silence,
Kills and dissolves the rags of the open mouth,
The half-naked body.

Morning, lunch, evening,
The seasons also quarrel among themselves,
For your unchanged rags,
With the seal of misery upon them...

Hair, shoes, if they can be called that,
Bear the Migjenian seal.

Misery engulfs even the brain.
Yes, indeed, the brain,
And your colors are black and white,
Your fate is entirely misery,
Misery with the name human.

I could do nothing else,
But cry and speak for you...



Ivan Pozzoni

BALLAD OF THE NON-EXISTENT

I could try to tell you
with the sound of my keyboard
how Baasima died of leprosy
without ever reaching the border,
or how the Armenian Meroujan
under a flutter of half-moons
felt the air in his eyes vanish
thrown into a mass grave;
Charlee, who moved to Brisbane
in search of a better world,
ends the journey
in the mouth of an alligator,
or Aurelio, named Bruna
who, after eight months in hospital
died of AIDS contracted
to hit a ring road.
Nobody will remember Yehoudith,
her lips carmine red,
erased by drinking toxic poisons
in an extermination camp,
or Eerikki, with his red beard,
defeated by the turbulence of the waves,
who sleeps, scoured by orcas,
on the bottom of some sea;
the head of Sandrine, Duchess
of Burgundy heard the rumour of the feast
as it fell from the blade of a guillotine
into a basket
and Daisuke, modern samurai,
counted the revolutions of a plane's engine
trans-humanizing a kamikaze gesture into
harakiri.
I could go on and on
in the stifling heat of a summer night
how Iris and Anthia, deformed Spartan children
were abandoned,

or how Deendayal died of deprivation
attributable to the single crime
of living the life of an outcast
without ever having rebelled;
Ituha, an Indian girl,
threatened with a knife,
who ends up dancing with Manitou
in the anteroom of a brothel
and Luther, born in Lancashire
freed from the profession of beggar
and forced to die by His Britannic Majesty
in the coal mines.
Who will remember Itzayana
and her family massacred
in a village on the outskirts of Mexico
by Carranza's retreating army,
and what of Idris, the African rebel,
stunned by shocks and burns
while untamed by colonial domination,
he tried to steal an ammunition truck;
Shahdi flew high into the sky
above the flagpoles of the Green
Revolution,
landing in Tehran with his wings torn apart
by a cannon shot,
and Tikhomir, a Chechen bricklayer,
that fell among the indifferent faces
to the ground from the roof of Lenin's
Mausoleum,
without comment.
From objects of narrative
fractured into fragments of non-existence
transmits distant sounds
of resistance.

DHARA-A PARADISE WORTH FIGHTING FOR

A critique on the waning atmospheric condition of our Mother Earth



**Dr. Prasanta
Chakraborty**

Eco criticism, as a literary theory, examines the relationship between literature and the physical environment, exploring how nature is depicted and how cultural attitudes towards the environment are shaped by texts. It is a field that emphasises the interconnectedness of human culture and the natural world, often drawing on ecological concepts and principles. As climate change has become a serious global issue, with trees being cut indiscriminately by both governments and individuals driven by greed, literature is increasingly highlighting climate change as a major theme. Natural resources are exploited haphazardly, and the ecological balance is at risk. Interestingly, all of this is done in the name of development, which is by no means sustainable. The topic of climate change and global warming recurs in Amitav Ghosh's novels, such as "The Hungry Tide."

There is a growing number of eco-critical analyses of climate change literature. This development—focused on examining climate change as a philosophical or existential issue—is sometimes called climate change criticism or critical climate change. Likewise, there has been an increasing trend of climate change poetry or eco-poetry. Recently, I came across a collection of poems, paintings, and short

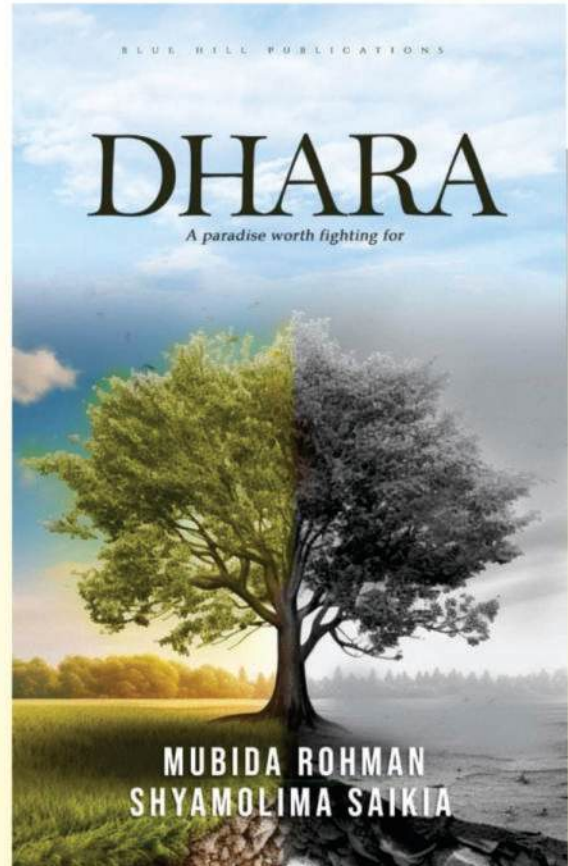
stories, each raising awareness of Mother Nature's vulnerable state through poignant shocks. Many renowned Indian and international poets and storytellers have expressed their concerns for the Earth through their creative works in "Dhara", a collection of Poems, Short Stories and Paintings by creative writers across the globe, edited by Mubida Rohman and Shyamolima Saikia.

The first three poems, namely 'The Story of Many Lands', 'No Earth' and 'Lighthouse', by Alshaad Kara, a Mauritian poet, depict how rapidly the deterioration of Mother Earth has taken place from his birth to adulthood, when the fresh air turned polluted due to deforestation and the land became a wasteland. He attributes the worsening condition of the Earth to human selfishness. His 'Lighthouse' depicts how his city is lost: 'At the behest of humanity!' The spirit of the book is set by Kara through his poems, which the poets and fiction writers follow in their works in the book.

Bhaswati Ghosh repeats her concerns in her short story "The Seventh Sky." She describes the cracks at her home in Uttarakhand. The first crack appeared, followed by a second one after a few days, while they were having dinner. The next day, she noticed several cracks in their school building. These cracks persisted throughout the week, caused by avalanches and landslides. Bhaswati attributes these cracks to unplanned and reckless construction work, including the hydroelectric project near the town. The residents had to endure sleepless nights for weeks. Even the priests inside the temples were unsafe. The destruction resumed after

about a month, forcing the residents, including the temple priest, to leave their homes for safety. They became refugees at Som Mama's house in Haldwani, along with many others from the deserted town. Cynthia Yatchman has expressed her concern for the deteriorating condition of nature through her artwork. In her poem 'Genealogy of Ruin', Debarati Sen metaphorically voices her fears about the looming danger caused by 'the malevolence of the human race.' She blames humans for selfishness, which has led to disastrous effects on Mother Nature. Douglas Colston, in his two poems 'The Sacred Mantra...' and 'Anomalous Wisdom Explained', conveys his anxiety, stating 'That which is superficial, vile and nay-saying/is selfish, stagnant and obstructionist-/ it bangs things shut and causes collapse.' He further emphasises that men should live by upright principles of benevolence, humanity, and mercy. Duane Anderson's 'Healing Nature's Wounds' reflects his closeness to nature, where he considers her as his wife who is fading because of his actions. The poet vows to stop exploiting and fight for Nature's recovery, saying he "will have a hard fight / until she is alright."

In 'Finding the Old River', poet Hong Ngoc Chau recalls the river and its surroundings, once clean and pure, now burdened with pollution. She mourns the loss of its pristine beauty. In 'Primrose Days', Jaydeep Sarangi compares his early days to the start of a day when all natural objects were soft, green, and vibrant. In 'Window of Hope', he seeks hope in the earth's powerful song, despite this desolate and cold time, with the military working to save the land. Jazmyn Nichols's 'Dhara, I am' from Gary, Indiana, denounces the modern world, expressing her gratitude for all that is ancient. Her closing lines, 'I am Dhara / Dhana is me,' reveal her connection to the river of time. Mark Saba's 'High Tide'



describes how the Earth fights back when mistreated by humans. In her short story 'Escape from the Dark Tunnel', Mary Anne Zammit recounts how Nature seeks revenge for humanity's destructive acts. Yet, in this patriarchal world, women, the poor, and children suffer most when Nature retaliates. She shares her own harrowing experience with male figures during her journey. This echoes Dr Tasneem Anjum's article 'Ecofeminism: Exploitation of Women and Nature,' which discusses the exploitation of both the environment and women around the world. Ecofeminists believe that male-dominated culture thrives on sexism, racism, class exploitation, and environmental destruction.

In her poem Mega-lo-man-ic, Meher Pestonji criticises warmongering countries for their destructive actions, which cause immense damage to our Mother Earth. She

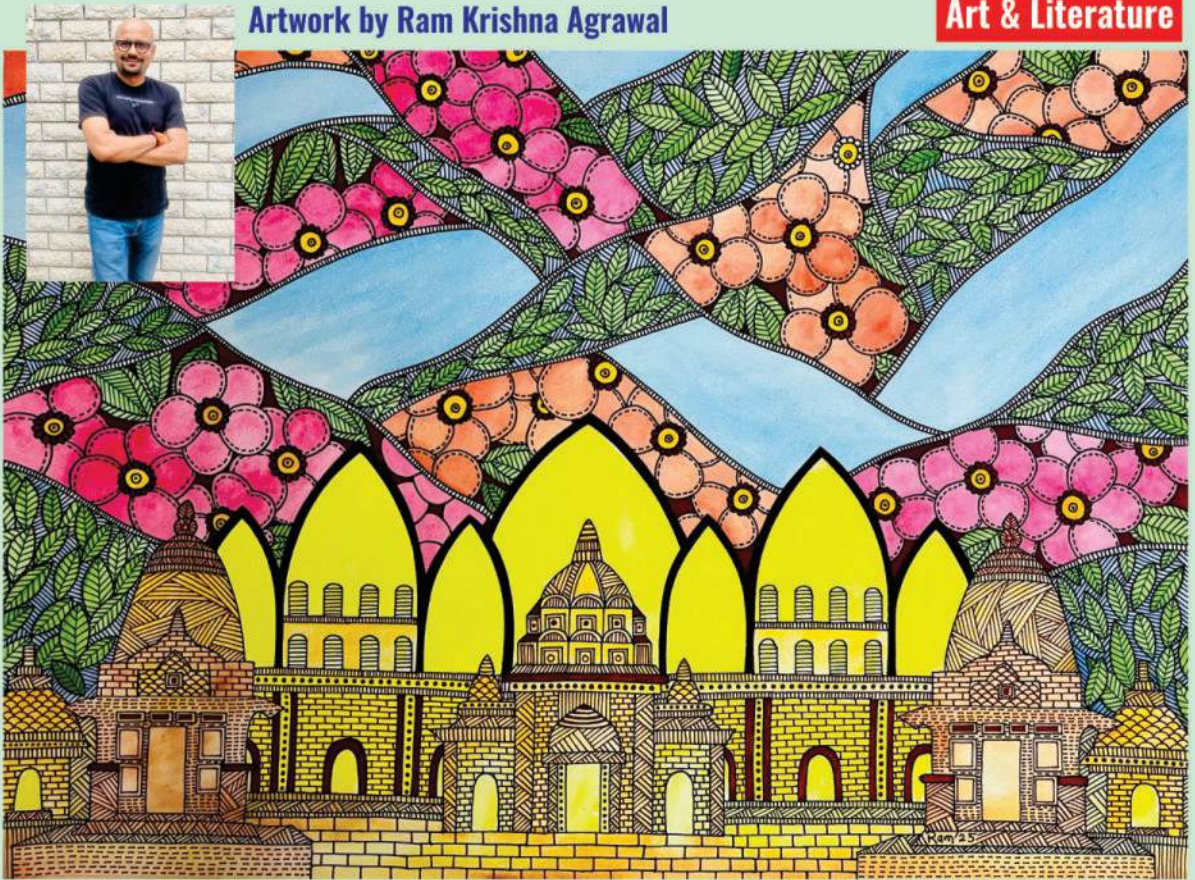
also blames space scientists for polluting other planets in the solar system. She warns that humanity considers itself great, crafting master plans that will likely lead to the annihilation of the species. In 'Cry of the Seasons', Mubida Rohman communicates the message of nature, but no one seems to heed her advice: Nature's voice calls, "heed my say. / Alas! The prayers falter, lost on the breeze, / Nature's ear deafened, as despair begins, / floods, wildfires, droughts, hunger's cruel grip. / Alarm bells ring, yet they just let them slip." Mubida, as the co-editor of the collection of poems on climate change, is 'a poetographer and a storyteller and draws inspiration from ancient melodies of folklore, languages, and history while embracing the vibrant hues of diverse cultures.' Nehal Nilofar has a painting that depicts how pollution in the sea has endangered the lives of aquatic animals and fish. In her satire 'A Townscape', Shyamolima Saikia narrates the daily experiences of an office-goer in a town. She adds that the steady wave of urbanisation has led to increased vehicular traffic and multistoried shopping malls, which are becoming a matter of great concern for the town's people. She warns that if this continues in the name of urbanisation, then "this town shall move towards a slow, silent destruction and be obliterated from the earth's map."

At the beginning of the book, both editors dedicated this anthology as a heartfelt tribute to the life-giving force—the river Brahmaputra—that unites the people and breathes life into the very soul of the land it embraces. The collection features as many as thirty-two poets and short story writers, *Dhara*—a paradise worth fighting for from every corner of the Earth, raising their voices in unison against our Mother Earth's deteriorating environment. There are scientific advancements, wars, urban

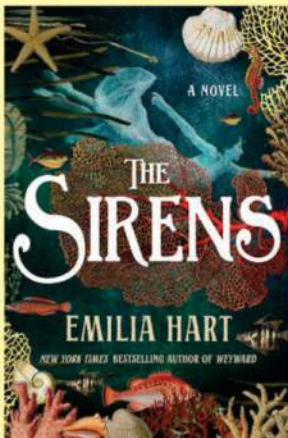
development, and more— all of which are damaging our environment, and if we do not become conscious, our beautiful Earth will be destroyed sooner or later. Though it may seem odd to appreciate, it is the capitalist class that is, more or less, responsible for the harm caused to our Mother Earth. In the name of development, the capitalist class spends crores of rupees to alter the current structure of the Earth, engage in increased production of goods and food items, and build multi-storied shopping malls and apartments. They are also accountable for vast amounts of debris found in every corner of the planet. They exploit technology for their own benefit, destroying the existing natural systems—drilling tunnels through mountains and under seas and rivers for faster communication. They engage in wars between two or more countries to sell their arms. They send astronauts to other planets to see if humans can survive there and boast of their technological progress. However, these are not sustainable forms of development and do not benefit the environment or humanity in general.

This collection, *Dhara – a paradise worth fighting for*, serves as a warning to all its readers about the imminent destruction that has already begun. Both editors, Shyamolima and Mubida, have demonstrated their resolve by bringing together voices from nearly every corner of the globe to collectively oppose the usurpation of Mother Earth by the capitalist class, which is responsible for making our beautiful Earth perilous and uninhabitable, especially for the poor, women, and children. Both editors deserve praise for their milestone work, which, I believe, will provoke even the most insensitive minds through this curated collection.

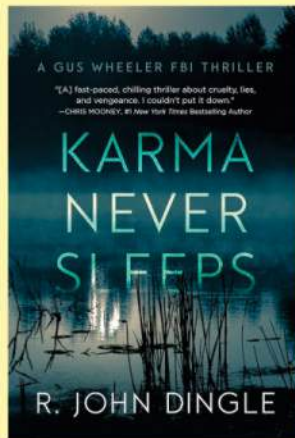
Artwork by Ram Krishna Agrawal



Good Reads



***The Sirens* by Emilia Hart**
 Publisher: St. Martin's Press / Macmillan Audio
 Genre: **Fantasy, Romance**
 Description: A story of sisters separated by hundreds of years but bound together in more ways than they can imagine. An excellent read!



***Karma Never Sleeps* by R. John Dingle**
 Publisher: Tule Publishing
 Genre: **Mystery, Thriller**
 Description: In a small town, the truth can't always set you free... When a second woman from a group of friends known as "the posse" is murdered in the woods near the New England enclave of Kendalton.



***The Retirement Plan* by Sue Hincenbergs**
 Publisher: Harper Audio
 Genre: **Mystery, Thriller**
 Description: Three middle-aged best friends turn to murder in order to collect on their husbands' life insurance policies...but are unaware that their husbands have a devious plan of their own.

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